E
280
.H2H3

CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT,

ON THE

HALE MEMORIAL DAY,

SEPTEMBER 7, 1881,

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & CO., WASHINGTON STREET.
1881.

E280
.H2H3

10
22
81
3
Copy

CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

I AM to give you a short account of the short life of Nathan Hale and of his death. I owe this privilege to the accident of birth, of which I gladly avail myself, and will not exceed my privilege. I shall leave it to others, who are around me now, who are far more fit than I am, to study the lessons of that short life of his, and to impress them upon you.

I do not remember any other occasion, when an assembly so large as this came together, expecting any man to give the biography of a young man who had died more than a century before, when he had hardly attained manhood. It is certainly exceptional, that any biographer or eulogist, after a century has passed, should be speaking to thousands of persons who still take a fresh interest in a career so short, almost all the events of which passed in those early years, when the hero of them was, in the eyes of the law, at least, a boy. But Connecticut would not have been true to her history, nor to the honorable place which it holds in the history of the nation, had she permitted the series of centennials to pass by, without solemnly devoting one day to the memory of this young man. His short life illustrates much which is most striking in that honorable history of hers. Its incidents cannot be too carefully remembered, if men would know what the Revolution was, and by what motives it was carried through. And we should begin another century unfitly, if we permitted the first century to close without distinct reference to such patriotism and to such sacrifice.

NATHAN HALE was born on the 6th of June, 1755, in Coventry, hard by us here, a town in which one would be glad, then or now, to have been born. He was born from a mother whom one would have been proud to have been born from, the son of a father whom one would be glad to call father. His early education, in the midst of a large family of brothers and sisters, was the education of that distinctly domestic type, under definite religious direction, which one is tempted to call a New England education, when one speaks of the best custom of those days. It seems to have been simple without austerity, religious without terror; it looked forward to the best, and upward to the noblest; and there was no service to man or God to which the boy trained in such influences of home, neighborhood, and Church, might not aspire. With his brother Enoch, scarcely a year older than he, Nathan Hale entered Yale College when he was fourteen years old, having in view, perhaps, even then, the profession of a minister, which he certainly had in view afterward. He thus hoped to enter the service both of God and of man.

Before I go further, may I say one word on the visible effect of such distinctly religious training, as given in these old Puritan congregations of New England, in the political struggle of all that time? No man understands the political history of the Revolution, who does not remember what for a century and a half had been the religious and ecclesiastical history of these New Englanders.

They went into the contest with such confidence in their own local governments, and in their sufficiency to combine with others like themselves, that, really, single towns declared war, separately, against George III., the most powerful monarch of his time. Where did such towns learn that lesson of self-reliance? How did they learn with it the other lesson equally important,—that, when a great occasion should arise, such separate communities would stand together, shoulder to shoulder, as if they had been united in the most absolute political order? Why, that was simply the lesson which the

Congregational Order had been teaching them from the beginning! In that order, every church is absolutely separate for its own affairs, while it finds no difficulty in uniting, in absolute unity, with its sister churches against the common enemy of mankind. A hundred and fifty years had been teaching that double lesson to the serious citizens of the Connecticut congregations. Well, that is the central lesson of the civil liberty of to-day,—the lesson of local independence for local purposes, and of vital organic unity for all national purposes. It is that double lesson which gives the life and force to every constitution of government which the last century has called into being. I do not care where you find such a constitution. It may be the freshly torn parchment of Bulgaria; it may be the latest constitution of poor Spain: in it, you would find this effort to harmonize local independence and national unity, which first took form successfully when men united the independent congregations of New England in the unity of spirit in a Congregational order. When these men had States to construct, they had their old examples and successes in the Church to guide them.

It is well remembered, among our New London friends here, that when young Hale addressed the town-meeting just after the battle of Lexington, with the audacity of boyhood,—for he was not yet twenty years old,—he cried, "Let us never lay down our arms till we have achieved our independence." The late Mr. Marvin, then a child, sat upon his father's knee, and turned and asked his father what the word "independence" meant. What did Hale mean by it? Where had he learned the word? He had learned it in the history of the New England churches. It is those churches which gave the very word to the English language. You will not find it in Shakspere. You will not find it in Spenser. You will find it only as applied to the religious organizations of Englishmen, if you find it in Lord Bacon. The "Independents," who crossed to Holland under Robinson and under Bradford, landed at Plymouth, the men who had organized their infant con-

gregations under Brown and Robinson, the men who had crossed to Holland, and under Winslow and Bradford and Brewster had landed at Plymouth, were the men who gave to your language that word, now so august in your history. And it was to an audience who remembered that history that Hale, who remembered it too, used the word in that bold prophecy of the beginning. He spoke that word in April, 1775. This is before the date of the controverted Mecklenburg resolutions. I am surrounded on this platform by those who know better than I do. Let me ask them if there is on record any public demand for "independency" earlier than this bold proposal of the boy Nathan Hale.

The building in which the Union School was kept by Hale is still standing. It had been recently built by the proprietors, who had obtained incorporation, after Hale became the preceptor of the schools, in October, 1774.* There are many persons before me who have heard their fathers and mothers tell of the spirit with which Hale taught. The regular school was of thirty-two boys, "about half of whom were Latiners, and all but one of the rest were writers." In addition to this, he kept for young ladies, through the summer from five to seven every morning, another school, which was attended by about twenty scholars. The rising of the sun would seem to have been on a different calendar from ours,— or the habits of the young people. His school-house was very convenient, he writes. You have seen it, and can judge. He was a favorite in society. Handsome, athletic, frank, wide-awake in the great popular questions which excited society, and true to the old creed of every Connecticut man,— independence in religion and independence in government,— he endeared himself to young and old. He had, in the farewell exercises at New Haven, discussed the question whether the education of daughters be not more neglected than that of sons. Here, in New London, he was

*Mr. Allyn has placed an admirable engraving of it in his memorial volume.

in a high way to reform that error, if error there were. He began to contemplate seriously making the teaching of the young his profession for life, and New London his home. Had he done so, you and I might have seen and talked with this delightful old man. We might have heard him tell of this and that abortive effort for freedom which failed, because the sons of Connecticut stayed at home or left it to bounty-jumpers to fight their battles. But, thank God! his was another destiny, and this was not to be.

At that time, Hale was not two years out of college. In college, he had endeared himself to his instructors and to his classmates. His taste for study, and for the best study, was distinctly formed; and, even in the scanty memorials we have of his short life, it is clear that he was using books, and the best books, thoroughly, carefully, and in every way well. Of that class in Yale College, many men gave themselves fully and freely to the country's service. The flower of Yale and of Harvard flung themselves into the army, as they did in these later years of another war for liberty. It is to be observed, indeed, by the student of the American revolution, that, like all great struggles for popular rights, it was a war fought by young men. General Hawley alluded yesterday to the youth of Lafayette, whose one hundred and twenty-fourth birthday that day celebrated. And, when he joined the staff of Washington, Lafayette found men near his own age. Hamilton, indeed, was younger than he. Washington himself, whom they so venerated as a father, was in his forty-fourth year when the war began. Ward, who was superannuated as an old man unfit for command, was forty-eight when he was superseded. Knox was but twenty-five when the war began, and many of his companions were not thirty. The young republic needed young blood, and she found it. She was willing to avail herself of the tried wisdom of a Trumbull and a Franklin. She was not afraid to trust the young enthusiasm of a Hamilton and a Hale.

During all Hale's residence in New London as a teacher, he was, in the eye of the law, an "infant." He was not, therefore, technically a "freeman." But he was enrolled in the militia, and he was profoundly interested in the military discipline which the time required. It is his prominence in the community, as a favorite with the young, which permits one not yet of age to speak at the meeting called after the battle of Lexington. He enrolls himself as a volunteer, writes to Coventry for his father's permission to serve in one of the companies of the new establishment, and having, of course, received that permission from the sturdy patriot, enlists in Webb's regiment, the Seventh Connecticut, and asks the proprietors of the school to excuse him from future duty. The regiment was one raised by order of the General Assembly that year for home defence, and for the protection of the country at large. In this regiment, Hale was first lieutenant; and, after the first of September, captain. The company consisted of seventy-one men, and was organized before the end of July. The first service was in the neighborhood of New London; but on the 14th of September it was marched, by Washington's orders, to the camp at Cambridge.

We have his brief diary of the march of the detachment. It passed by Rehoboth, through Attleborough, Wrentham, Walpole, and Dedham to Roxbury, where Hale's company encamped on the evening of September 26. They were afterward transferred to Cambridge and Charlestown, and encamped at the foot of Winter Hill. You will remember that when, on the 17th of June, your own General Putnam grimly retired from Bunker Hill, which he had done so much to hold, he said he would be willing to sell another hill to King George at the same price. There was no lack of hills in America. Winter Hill was the next hill; and here, for most of that winter, Webb's regiment was posted. On the 30th of January, it was removed to the right wing of the army at Roxbury, under the immediate direction of Ward. In this service, it was able to partici-

pate in the great enterprise of the occupation of Dorchester Heights, in the work of one night there,— work which the English officers of the time described as if it had been a work of enchantment,— drove the English fleet and army from the harbor of Boston, and, as it proved, from the territory of the United Colonies. For nearly five months afterward, no foot of an enemy pressed the soil of States which were determined to be free.

Hale's account of the way in which his men and he himself spent that autumn and winter is itself an interesting contribution to one of the most interesting periods of our history. From the city from which those men drove an alien enemy, you have asked me, kindly, to come to address you.

This gives me a right to pause a moment to recognize the solid work done in the siege of Boston by the Connecticut contingent. General Hawley has alluded to the zeal and energy of Putnam. In the story of Bunker Hill, the place which Knowlton with his regiment held, the exposed left flank of the American force,— proved to be the post of honor as of danger. When Prescott and his men were driven from the redoubt, they were received behind Knowlton's force, which preserved its military order, and in military order covered the retreat. Connecticut regiments have had that same thing to do in later wars. What seemed the lethargy of Washington and the American army, in the early summer, was, as we now know, due to their deficiencies in ammunition and in artillery. From the last need, they were relieved by the result of the Connecticut conquest of Ticonderoga, so soon as the snow on the Green Mountains became practicable, that the mortars and artillery might be carried across New England to direct their fire upon Boston.

Of that whole winter, the greatest success was not a feat of arms. It was the success, not to be paralleled, hard to understand or to believe, by which one army was disbanded and another enlisted, in the

face of an enemy of equal, if not superior, numbers. The besieging army was virtually an army of minute men while the year 1775 lasted. After New Year's day, in the year 1776, it was an army of men enlisted by the Continent, and enlisted, in most instances, for the war. Every student of our history remembers the intense interest with which Washington watched over this change of his forces. In Hale's Diary, the student has the chance to follow it in its detail. Take such an entry as this: "Promised the men, if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time." It was, I suppose, a face-to-face discussion with almost every private, to induce him to enlist under the new establishment. This effort ends when, having given his own pay to his men, he borrows from Capt. Leavenworth the money to go home with, giving him an order for his pay to January, and returns to his father's house. He goes home, that he may enlist a new company there. One month of that frank, friendly, loyal zeal of his is enough, and, on the 27th of January, 1776, the boy, not yet of age, arrives with recruits who enlist for the war and will stand by to the end, at General Ward's headquarters at Roxbury.

In the great achievement of the fortification of Dorchester Heights, on the 5th of March, which we owe to the military genius of Thomas and Ward and Washington, Hale's regiment seems, as said, to have shared. When the English were fairly on their way to Halifax, Washington foresaw their effort to occupy New York, and detached Lee and Heath and most of his army to that city. With this contingent was Webb's regiment, and with that army the rest of young Hale's life was spent. He marched with his regiment, which was one of five who came from Cambridge to this place, and sailed hence to New York. This was in the last week of March.* Through the exciting summer which followed, he was in active service. Of this service, a few letters preserve our chief memorial. The first important duty

* See Enoch Hale's Diary in the Appendix.

in which he was engaged was the cutting out of an English sloop laden with supplies, which, though under the guns of the "Asia," man-of-war, was not safe from the amphibious seamen, soldiers of Webb's regiment. At the head of a boat-load of men, Hale boarded her at midnight, and brought her in, in triumph to the pier. Her stores were distributed as clothing and as food in the army. It was the double capacity of these men, trained for either element, which kept this regiment from Thames River, in New York. At one time, it was put on the list for detachment to Canada. "But the question was asked whether we had many seamen, and the answer being yes, we were erased, and another put down in our place."

My little story is hastening to its end. But I will not come to that end without saying a word of the work those men did for American liberty, who served it by sea as well as by land. Standing where I stand, in sight of the river from which sailed so many of the American privateersmen, I should but half tell my story if I did not say that word. The truth is that the history of the naval enterprise of the Revolution has never been adequately written out, perhaps cannot be; and, in the general estimate of the Revolution, the effects of that enterprise are not enough regarded. At the time when Hale died, the war with America was universally popular in England. Five years after, the House of Commons voted that they who advised a continuation of the war in America were enemies of their country; and undoubtedly the House of Commons reflected English opinion. It is my belief, and I think history will show, that the steady change in English opinion in those five years was wrought more by the losses of English merchants on the seas than by the losses of English armies on the land. Even before the French alliance, the annual naval appropriations of Parliament were of necessity larger than those of the army. In the year 1777 alone, only forty English vessels out of two hundred engaged in the African trade escaped the American

cruisers. Of the fleet that traded between Ireland and the West Indies, scarcely half escaped. Two hundred and fifty vessels in the West Indian trade, with cargoes amounting to ten million dollars, were captured in a single year. We do not wonder to read that for the insurance of a vessel for a single voyage more than fifty per cent. was paid in England. This war upon the sea was, in practice, carried on by the privateers of Essex County in Massachusetts, and by your own Connecticut seamen here. At the end of the war, the privateer fleet of the port of Salem alone counted twenty-six ships and thirty-three smaller vessels, which carried four thousand men and twelve hundred and eighty guns. The fleet of New London and of this river was probably as strong until the events which yesterday celebrated. The incursion which resulted in the burning of New London was the vengeance of England against this harbor of her enemies.

[General Hawley, behind the speaker, said, at this moment, that it was on record that eight hundred and three prizes were brought into New London in the course of the war.]

Capt. Hale's web-footed soldiers were called on all that summer, in their double capacity. I have no doubt but they were at work with Glover's Marblehead men all that critical night of the 29th of August, when the army retreated from Brooklyn to the city of New York; for McDougal had the charge of the transportation, and Webb's regiment was in McDougal's brigade. A week before, in Hale's last letter to his brother, he describes a spirited attempt made by Sergeant Fosdick, of his own company, and four privates to set fire to the frigate "Phœnix." The attempt was made doubtless under Hale's own orders; and, though it did not succeed as fully as had been hoped, the men received the thanks and rewards of the General, and the "Phœnix" and her companion returned to the Narrows. "It is agreed on all hands," Washington writes, "that our people behaved with great resolution and intrepidity." Though

the "Phœnix" escaped, one of her tenders was captured, and four cannon and six swivels were taken from her.

After the letter describing this gallant affair, we have a few broken notes in Hale's Diary, which closes suddenly with a memorandum of the first skirmishing before the battle of Long Island. After this event, we must trace his short history, with no help from his own pen. Through the month of September, Washington is steadily driven further and further up the island. After the battle of Long Island, Knowlton had organized, under his own command, a separate corps of officers and men from New England regiments. This corps is spoken of as Knowlton's Rangers. The officers and men had volunteered for this service, and on the rolls of their own regiments are spoken of as "detached on command." They received their orders directly from Washington and from Putnam, and were of great service in watching the enemy along the Harlem front. In this little corps of one hundred and fifty men, Hale was one of the captains. Stephen Brown and Thomas Grosvenor were two others. They bore off the honors of the battle of Harlem Heights. In that action, Knowlton was killed. "I asked him," said his Capt. Brown, "if he was badly wounded. He told me he was; but says he, 'I do not value my life, if we do but get the day.' When gasping in the agonies of death, all his inquiry was if we had drove the enemy." They did drive the enemy, they did win the day; and Knowlton gave his life for the victory. The spot where he fell can be perfectly identified. It is, I believe, in one of the most picturesque parts of the Central Park. It is of Knowlton that Washington said in General Orders that he was a gallant and brave officer, who would have been an honor to any country. The day will come when some group of bronze in the great Central Park shall bear this inscription in memory of one of Connecticut's noblest sons.

But where is Hale, as these weeks pass by? "The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who would have been an honor to any country, having fallen yesterday,

while gloriously fighting, Capt. Brown is to take command of the party lately led by Colonel Knowlton." These are Washington's words in General Orders the next day. Hale is not wont to be absent from the field of danger. It is another line of duty to which he is called; and once and again, far away, he hears the shots of distant battles, and wonders whether they are aimed by his foes or by his friends.

He was on special service; on difficult service; service called dishonorable, but service of his country. "We have not been able to obtain the least information," said Washington, on the 6th of September, "of the enemy's plans." In sheer despair at the need of better information than the Tories of New York City would give him, the great commander consulted his council, and at their direction summoned Knowlton to ask for some volunteer of intelligence, who would find his way into the English lines, and bring back some tidings that could be relied upon. Knowlton summoned a number of officers, and stated to them the wishes of their great chief. The appeal was received with dead silence. It is said that Knowlton appealed to a non-commissioned officer, a Frenchman, who was an old soldier. He did so only to receive the natural reply, "I am willing to be shot, but not to be hung." Knowlton felt that he must report his failure to Washington, when the youngest of his captains spoke, and Nathan Hale said, "I will undertake it." He had come late to the meeting. He was pale with recent sickness. But he saw an opportunity to serve, and did the duty next his hand.

We have on record from his college classmate, Hull, the statement which Hale himself made at the moment. Hull says he himself put fairly before Hale the danger of the task and the ignominy attached to it in failure. Hale replied, "I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to perform that service are imperious." These are the last words which

we can report from him till the moment of his death. He promised Hull to take his arguments into consideration, but Hull never heard from him again.

In the second week of September, he left the camp for Stamford, with Stephen Hampstead, a sergeant in Webb's regiment, from whom we have the last direct account of his journey. With Hampstead and Ansel Wright, who was his servant in camp, he left his uniform and some other articles of property. He crossed to Long Island in citizen's dress, and, as Hampstead thought, took with him his college diploma, meaning to assume the aspect of a Connecticut school-master visiting New York in the hope to establish himself. He landed near Huntington, or Oyster Bay, and directed the boatman to return for him at a time fixed by him, the 20th of September. He made his way into New York, and there, for a week or more apparently, prosecuted his inquiries. He returned on the day fixed, and awaited his boat. It appeared, as he thought; and he made a signal from the shore. Alas! he had mistaken the boat. She was from an English frigate which lay screened by a point of woods, and had come in for water. Hale attempted to retrace his steps, but was too late.*

He was ordered to remain, was seized and examined. On his person were the notes he had taken, written, as it proved, in Latin. They compromised him at once. He was taken on board the frigate, the captain of which expressed his grief that he had to detain so fine a fellow. There was not a day's delay, and Hale was sent back immediately to New York.

He was at once sent well guarded to New York. He landed there when the city was in the terrors of a great conflagration. It was on that 21st of September, when nearly a quarter of the town was burned

*In the rage and distress of the excitement of the time, the rumor spread that Hale was betrayed by a Tory kinsman. But the narrative in the text, which is that of Solomon Worden, of Oyster Bay, gives no room for any such treachery; and I know no evidence for it, beyond "'tis said." I know that my father did not believe the story of treachery: I do not think his father did. The fact that the disgrace was now attached to one cousin, now to another, shows almost certainly that it belongs to neither.

E. E. H.

down. Nearly five hundred houses were destroyed. In the midst of the confusion and terror, Hale is marched up to Howe's head-quarters, and there he meets his doom.

The trial was short. Hale was not there to prevaricate. Nay, the papers on his person were his condemnation. He was to be hanged the next morning. And only one thing worse can be added to the agony of such a death. He is to be hanged by William Cunningham, provost-marshal of the English army.

Of the sleepless night which followed, we have little memorial. He wrote to his father and family. Cunningham destroyed the letters before his eyes. "The rebels shall not know they have a man who can die so bravely." He asked for a Bible: his request was refused. At morning, he is marched out to the gallows. Cunningham, in derision, bids him speak to the people. And Hale turns and says, in words which are immortal,—

"I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

The first news Washington receives of the adventure is by the flag of truce by which Howe sends him special word that his messenger is hanged.

Thus ends a martyr's life. Hardly three months had passed since he was twenty-one years old.

It is to be wished that some one had asked Washington, while he lived, what was the special information for which he was willing to detach an officer of such worth, under circumstances so critical. Of that object, no record was made. But it is easy to see how difficult yet how necessary it was, in the first confusion,— the chaos of the retreat from Long Island and the second retreat back on the island of New York,— to learn what was the English force, and, if possible, what the purposes of the commander. The news of Hale's death was received by his friends with an agony of distress. It happened, five years after, that the whole history was recalled again, when André was captured

and tried. Major Tallmadge, who had charge of André as a prisoner, broke to him his own fate by telling him the story of Hale, which André knew only too well. André himself alluded to it on his trial. I think Clinton refers to Hale in his note on André's case. I think he means to say that Hale's death was Howe's work, not his. "Thou canst not say I did it." * From that time to this time, the parallel between these two young men, both brave, both rash, if you please, and both unfortunate, has often been pursued.

I will not follow it. I am too near in blood and in affection to Hale. I am too far from André in training and habit of thought, and in my notion of what is the object of a man's life. This, only, will I say: that, whoever tells André's story, as he discusses the end of his life, has to carry the weight of the wretched fact that, in André's own letter to his judges pleading for that life, he makes statements which are untrue, and which he knows are untrue when he makes them. No such difficulty hampers the speaker or the writer who tells the short story of Nathan Hale.

Let me rather close this memorial of one whom I have learned to honor and love, by comparing him with another son of Connecticut, a soldier, and a brave soldier, too, who in that day filled a place far larger than Nathan Hale was called to, but whom, this to-day, every man would be glad if he could forget forever. Benedict Arnold went forth to war at the same summons with Hale. He won early honors and preferment, though Dr. Bacon tells me that his honors were always from those who did not know him, and never from Connecticut herself. No man asks where is his burial-place.

* The passage is, "Mr. Washington ought to remember that *I* had never, *in any one instance*, punished the disaffected colonists within my power with death, but, on the contrary, had in several shown the most humane attention to his intercession, even in favor of *avowed spies*." It seems to me that, in this passage, Clinton alludes to Howe. No one has ever complained that Hale's sentence, under the laws of war, was not just. He did not complain himself. It was brutally executed. For this, Howe's excuse must be that a quarter of the city was burning when he pronounced sentence: he was in the flush of success, and doubtless thought the whole matter well-nigh over. Whether a prisoner before him did or did not hold a commission, was or was not in service as a soldier, would be of no consequence when the Rebellion was put down, as he probably thought it would be within a few months' time.

No man, after a hundred years, retraces every step of his life, in fond wish to reproduce his history. When he was born, a fond mother gave to him the name of a Christian saint, of one who had been foremost in the triumphs of the Church, and, to-day, in all the millions of America, there is no man or woman but would as soon call a child by the name of Judas Iscariot as by the name of Benedict. "Who also betrayed her." This is his epitaph. A friend of mine, travelling in the East, met an accomplished Englishman, who joined cordially in the intimacies of travel. But, when the American gave his name to the other and asked his in return, he hesitated, he begged to be excused. "Indeed, you will be sorry you asked. You will not like me as well as you do now." No, indeed. For the name was the wretched name of Benedict Arnold!

It is not to success in battle, it is not to eloquence of speech, it is to prompt self-sacrifice, it is to readiness to die when one's country calls, that the honors of to-day are given. It is to such sacrifice, such loyalty, and such truth that we owe it, that any man may be proud indeed, this day, that he is called upon to say a halting word in memory of NATHAN HALE.

APPENDIX.

I owe the honor of being asked to deliver this commemorative address to the good fortune of birth. I am the oldest living son of Nathan Hale, who was the oldest son of Enoch Hale, who was the brother of Capt. Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, whom we commemorate. Enoch Hale was his classmate in college, and bound to him by the closest affection.

A certain interest then attaches to Enoch Hale's very brief diary of the year 1776, and to its allusions, though they be the most concise, to the history of the country. The brevity of these allusions is not to be referred to any sternness or hardness of temper. It springs only from the character of the little "Register" itself. He seldom gave two lines to the record of a single day, and had no more thought of expressing emotion here than if he had been writing in his cash-book.

I extract, therefore, the few allusions made to outside history between March and October. They have never before been printed: —

E. E. HALE.

March 6.— Hear that Boston is cannonaded. Began Saturday night last.

March 17.— General Howe, etc., leave Boston.

March 29.— Colonel Miflin goes through Lyme for New York. Five regiments gone by water from New London. Brother Captain gone.

April 7.— Rev. Judson returns [to Chelsea in Norwich from New London] in the evening. Admiral Hopkins coming in there with the American fleet, with some cannon, etc.; and the governor from New Providence, and a bomb brig, and two tenders taken from Wallace's fleet. Had a brush with the Glasgow, etc.

April 8.— General Washington enters Norwich. Write short to Brother Captain.

April 10.— Lodge at Rev. Cogswell. Miss Lucy returns from spinning meeting. Spun ninety odd knots of good yarn. Miss —— spun sixty-three knots, and yesterday Miss —— spun eighty-four knots.

April 11.— Royal Flint at Weathersville making saltpetre.

April 15.— Congress has given liberty for a free trade with all nations, except for India teas, excluding the subjects of the King of England and their produce; also for privateering and seizing all English vessels.

May 1.— [Brooklyn.] Williams gives me an elegy on the times, by J. Trumbull.

May 6.—[Westford.] Go to training, pray with the soldiers, and dine with Ensign Robins.

May 8.—I ride as far as Rev. Welch's. Dine at Rev. Huntington's. See his George Washington.

May 17.—Continental fast. Preach at Westford. *Vide* No. 8 and 26.

May 31.—Frost this morning. It kills some brakes and white oak leaves.

June 2.—Snow and wet. [At Westford.]

June 3.—Coal fire.

June 19—John got home at night. Has received a letter from Nathan, dated 17th at New York. [This letter is lost.] Has sent one for me by the way of Norwich. Not received yet. [This letter is probably that in Stuart's Life, page 67.]

June 20.—Sat down to write again to him, and

June 21.—Carry it to Sargeant Nat. Root, with one for John to carry to New York.

July 1.—Training here [Ashford] at Capt. Clark's, to enlist men. Little too backward. Many of the old soldiers think themselves too good to go without hire. The rich say they may turn out.

July 2—Two gentlemen from Philadelphia lodge here.

July 8—Capt. Massey and company meet here.

July 10.—[Coventry.] Independance declared by Continental Congress. [This line is written in after the other parts of the manuscript.]

July 11.—Send back the Captain's horse by brother Joseph, who goes to meet the Company there [Ashford] to be mustered.

July 23.—Get to New Haven about eight o'clock. Put up at Mr. Jeremiah Atwater's.

July 24.—See the President. Pay him for degrees for myself and brother, $4.00. [These were their degrees as Masters of Arts.] Dine with Hillhouse, Esq. Drink tea at Rev. Edwards. President makes a blundering hand in giving degrees. Lodge with Robinson.

July 25.—[At New Haven.] Dine with Hillhouse again. Tea at Rev. Whittlesey's. Call upon Cogswell and Fitch. Buy of Fitch McFingal, at one shilling. Sign for four Mr. Dwight's oration. Write to Brother to tell him I have got him his degree.

July 26.—Leave New Haven. Have had a good Commencement. Goodrich made the Cliosophic and Russel the Valedictory; Mr. Dwight the answer. Beside, we had a dispute and dialogue.

August 1.—[Coventry.] Rev. Strong talks of going as Chaplain.

August 14.—Rev. Strong rode to Simsbury town. The militia going to New York, all on west side of the river in Connecticut, and Col. Wolcott's and Chapman's regiments on the east. Lord Howe's army all collected, it is said, at or near New York.

August 15.—Write to Brother Captain by Cousin Joseph, who goes with the militia.

August 26.—[Granville.] Hear part of a Tory's trial [Mr. Fowler], etc.

August 30.— Committee come to see me. Conclude to return again before I go home; also to preach to the soldiers before they march.

September 2.— Clear, but some clouds about noon. Finish No. 35 by noon, and preach it at four o'clock, to a considerable assembly.

September 4.— Hear of melancholy disaster at New York; our army obliged to leave Long Island and soon New York.

September 10.—[Coventry.] Ride with Mr. Lyman home and to Freeman's meeting. Make a prayer at opening of the meeting. Captain Kingsbury and Abram Burnap, Esq., chosen representatives.

September 22.— News of fight at New York, but very imperfect yet.

September 24.— Capt. Codey desires me to go and see him and company. March on Thursday.

September 25.—[Granville.] Ride to Hartland, and preach for Rev. Church. *Vide* No. 37, 38, on a Fast kept on a Proclamation from the Governor to observe it last Thursday; but not heard of in season at Hartland, so adjourned till to-day.

September 30.— Afternoon. Ride to Rev. Strong's, Salmon Brook. Hear a rumor that Capt. Hale, belonging the east side Connecticut River, near Colchester, who was educated at college, was sentenced to hang in the enemy's lines at New York, being taken as a spy, or reconnoitering their camp. Hope it is without foundation. Something troubled at it. Sleep not very well.

October 2.— At the meeting-house see Uncle Elnathan Strong, lately from New York. Hear some farther rumors of the Captain, not altogether agreeing with the former.

October 6.— Ride over to West Mountain and preach. Have thirteen cases to mention; four of thanks for safe return from camp, three for two deaths to be sanctified; six persons sick.

October 15.— Call at Squire William Wolcott's. Get a pass to ride to New York. Saturday, returned to Granville. Friend Lyman gone to the camp at New York. Accounts from my Brother Captain are indeed melancholy! That, about the second week of September, he went to Stamford, crossed to Long Island (Dr. Waldo writes), and had finished his plans, but, before he could get off, was betrayed, taken, and hanged without ceremony. . . . Some entertain hope that all this is not true, but it is a gloomy, dejected hope. Time may determine. Conclude to go to the camp next week.

October 21.— Prepare to ride to the camp, and be gone from home two Sabbaths.

October 23.— Riding to Greenwich. Lodge at Mr. Titus Mead's, twenty-eight miles. Courteously entertained at Mr. Mead's, gratis. Ride to camp. See some friends, John and Richard, and return to Rye Pond, a roundabout way, seventeen miles, in company of John Richard's son.

October 25.—Ride to White Plains and return to the edge of Greenwich. Camp alarmed. Buy a cropper for my horse in the room of one I broke and left the 24th.

October 26.— Go to camp. See officers of Col. Webb's regiment, and talk some of my brother. He went to Stamford and crossed over the sound to Long Island. The next account of him by Col. Montezuxe with a flag, that one Nathaniel Hale, was hanged for a spy, September 22. Aide-de-camp Webb with a flag, informs that, being suspected by his movements that he wanted to get out of New York, was taken up and examined by the general, and, some minutes being found with him, orders were immediately given that he should be hanged. When at the gallows, he spoke and told that he was a Captain in the Continental army, by name Nathan Hale. Some deserters asserted the fact, and described his person. Lieut. —— said he saw a woman that said she was then in New York, saw and knew him hanging, having been before acquainted with him. . . . His effects are mostly saved. His money (if he left any) plundered, and considerable due to his under-officers, as well as $25 that belonged to A. Wright and $42 to another which he had in keeping.

CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT,

ON THE

HALE MEMORIAL DAY,

SEPTEMBER 7, 1881,

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & CO., WASHINGTON STREET.
1881.

COEC

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 011 801 870 9